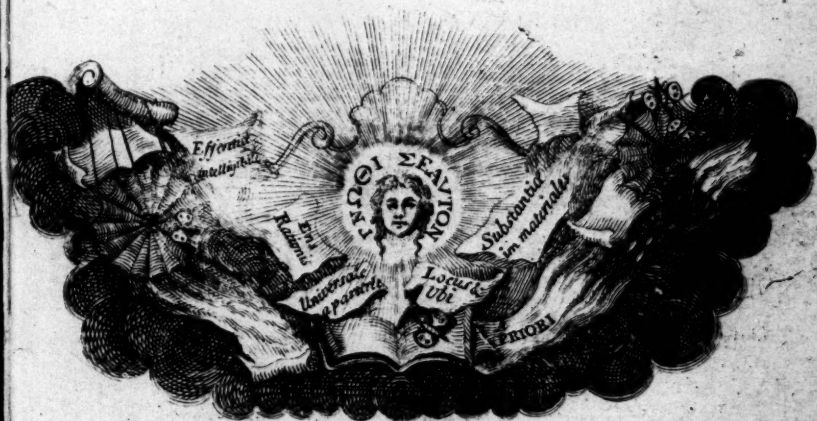


A N
E S S A Y
O N
M A N,

Being the FIRST BOOK of
ETHIC EPISTLES.
T O
HENRY St. JOHN, Lord Bolingbroke.



L O N D O N, Printed : And,
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T H E
D E S I G N .

HAVING proposed to write some
Pieces on human Life and Man-
ners, such as (to use my Lord
Bacon's expression) come home
to Men's Business and Bosoms,
I thought it more satisfactory to begin with
considering Man in the Abstract, his Na-
ture and his State: since to prove any moral
Duty

The D E S I G N.

Duty, to inforce any moral Precept, or to examine the Perfection or Imperfection of any Creature whatsoever, it is necessary first to know what Condition and Relation it is placed in, and what is the proper End and Purpose of its Being.

The Science of Human Nature is, like all other Sciences, reduced to a few, clear Points: There are not many certain Truths in this World. It is therefore in the Anatomy of the Mind as in that of the Body; more Good will accrue to mankind by attending to the large, open, and perceptible parts, than by studying too much such finer nerves and vessels as will for ever escape our observation. The Disputes are all upon these last, and I will venture to say, they have less sharpened the Wits than the Hearts of Men against each other, and have diminished the Practice, more than advanced the Theory, of Morality. If I could flatter myself that this Essay has any Merit, it is in steering betwixt Doctrines seemingly opposite, in passing over Terms utterly unintelligible, and in forming out of all a temperate, yet not inconsistent, and a short, yet not imperfect, System of Ethics.

This

The D E S I G N.

This I might have done in Prose; but I chose Verse, and even Rhyme, for two Reasons. The one will appear obvious; that Principles, Maxims, or Precepts so written, both strike the Reader more strongly at first, and are more easily retained by him afterwards. The other may seem odd but is true; I found I could express them more shortly this way than in Prose itself, and nothing is more certain than that much of the Force as well as Grace of Arguments or Instruction depends on their Conciseness. I was unable to treat this part of my subject more in detail, without becoming dry and tedious; or, more poetically, without sacrificing Perspicuity to Ornament, without wandring from the Precision, or breaking the Chain of Reasoning. If any man can unite all these, without diminution of any of them, I freely confess he will compass a thing above my capacity.

What is now published, is only to be considered as a general Map of M A N, marking out no more than the Greater Parts, their Extent, their Limits, and their Connexion, but leaving the Particular to be more fully delineated in the Charts which are to follow. Consequently, these Epistles in their progress
will

The D E S I G N.

*will become less dry, and more susceptible of
of Poetical Ornament. I am here only open-
ing the Fountains, and clearing the passage ;
To deduce the Rivers, to follow them in their
Course, and to observe their Effects, will be
a task more agreeable.*



T H E



THE
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OF THE
FIRST BOOK.

EPISTLE I.

Of the *Nature* and *State* of *Man*,
with respect to the *Universe*.



*O*F *Man* in the *Abstract*. We
can judge only with regard to
our own *System*, being ignorant
of the *Relations* of *Systems* and
Things, VER. 17, &c. to 68.
Man is not therefore to be deem'd *Imperfect*,
but a Being suited to his *Place* and *Rank* in
the

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EPISTLE I.



WAKE! my ST. JOHN! leave all
meaner things
To low Ambition and the Pride
of Kings.
Let Us (since Life can little more
supply

Than just to look about us, and to die)
Expatriate free, o'er all this *Scene of Man*,
A mighty Maze! but not without a Plan;
A Wild, where weeds and flow'rs promiscuous shoot,
Or Garden, tempting with forbidden fruit.
Together let us beat this ample field,
Try what the open, what the covert yield;

10
The

The latent tracts or giddy heights explore,
 Of all who blindly creep, or sightless soar;
 Eye Nature's walks, shoot Folly as it flies,
 And catch the manners living as they rise;
 Laugh where we *must*, be candid where we *can*, 15
 But vindicate the Ways of God to Man.

SAY first, of *God* above, or *Man* below,
 What can we *reason*, but from what we *know*?
 Of Man, what see we but his Station here,
 From which to reason, or to which refer? 20
 Thro' Worlds unnumber'd tho' the God be known,
 'Tis ours to trace him, only in our own.
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 See worlds on worlds compose one Universe,
 Observe how System into System runs, 25
 What other Planets, and what other Suns?
 What vary'd Being peoples ev'ry Star?
 May tell, why Heav'n has made us as we are.
 But of this frame the bearings, and the Ties,
 The strong connections, nice dependencies, 30
 Gradations just, has thy pervading soul
 Look'd thro'? or can a Part contain the Whole?

Is the great Chain that draws all to agree,
 And drawn supports, upheld by God, or thee?

• PRESUMPTUOUS Man! the Reason would'st thou
 find 35
 Why form'd so weak, so little and so blind?
 First,

First, if thou can'st, the harder reason guess,
 Why form'd no weaker, blinder, and no less?
 Ask of thy mother Earth, why Oaks are made
 Taller or stronger than the weeds they shade? 40
 Or ask of yonder argent fields above,
 Why Jove's Satellites are less than Jove?

OF Systems possible, if 'tis confess
 That Wisdom infinite must form the best,
 Where all most full, or not coherent be, 45
 And all that rises, rise in due degree;
 Then, in the scale of life and sense, 'tis plain
 There must be, somewhere, such a rank as Man;
 And all the question (wrangle e'er so long)
 Is only this, if God has plac'd him wrong? 50

RESPECTING Man whatever wrong we call,
 May, must be right, as relative to All.
 In human works, though labour'd on with pain,
 A thousand movements scarce one purpose gain;
 In God's, one single can its End produce, 55
 Yet serves to second to some other Use.
 So Man, who here seems principal alone,
 Perhaps acts second to a Sphere unknown,
 Touches some wheel, or verges to some goal;
 'Tis but a part we see, and not a whole. 60

WHEN the proud Steed shall know, why Man re-
 strains
 His fiery course, or drives him o'er the Plains;
 When

When the dull Ox, why now he breaks the clod,
 Now wears a Garland, an Ægyptian God ;
 Then shall Man's Pride and dulness comprehend 65
 His action's, passion's, Use and End ;
 Why doing, suff'ring, check'd, impell'd ; and why
 This hour a Slave, the next a Deity ?

THEN say not Man's imperfect, Heav'n in fault ;
 Say rather, Man's as perfect as he ought ; 70
 His being measur'd to his State and Place,
 His time a moment, and a point his space.

HEAV'N from all creatures hides the book of Fate,
 All but the page prescrib'd, their present state,
 From Brutes what Men, from Men what Spirits know,
 Or who could suffer Being here below ? 75
 The Lamb thy riot dooms to bleed to day,
 Had he thy Reason, would he skip and play ?
 Pleas'd to the last, he crops the flow'ry food,
 And licks the hand just rais'd to shed his blood. 80
 Oh blindness to the future ! kindly giv'n,
 That each may fill the Circle mark'd by Heav'n,
 Who sees with equal eye, as God of All,
 A Hero perish, or a Sparrow fall,
 Atoms, or Systems, into ruin hurl'd, 85
 And now a Bubble burst, and now a World !

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 Wait the great teacher, Death, and God adore !

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What future blifs, he gives not thee to know,
 But gives that *Hope* to be thy blessing now. 90
Hope springs eternal in the human breast ;
 Man never is, hut always to be blest ;
 The soul uneasy, and confin'd at home,
 Rests, and expatiates, in a life to come.

Lo! the poor Indian, whose untutor'd mind 95
 Sees God in clouds, or hears him in the Wind ;
 His soul, proud Science never taught to stray
 Far as the Solar walk, or Milky way ;
 Yet simple Nature to his Hope has given
 Behind the cloud-ropt hill an humbler heav'n, 100
 Some safer world in depth of woods embrac'd,
 Some happier Island in the watry waste,
 Where Slaves once more their native land behold,
 No fiends torment, no Christians thirst for Gold.
 To be, contents his natural desire, 105
 He asks no angel's wing, or Seraph's fire,
 But thinks, admitted to that equal sky,
 This faithful Dog shall bear him company.
 Go, wiser thou! and in thy scale of sense
 Weigh thy Opinion against Providence :
 Call imperfection what thou fancy'st such ;
 Say, here he gives too little, there too much ;
 Destroy all creatures for thy sport or gust ;
 Yet cry, if Man's unhappy, God's unjust,
 If Man, alone, engross not Heav'n's high care, 115
 Alone, made perfect here, immortal there ;
 Snatch from his hand the Balance and the Rod,
 Re-judge his Justice, Be the GOD of GOD!

IN reas'ning Pride (my Friend) our error lies;
 All quit their sphere and rush into the skies. 120
 Pride still is aiming at the blest abodes,
 Men would be Angels, Angels would be Gods.
 Aspiring to be Gods, if Angels fell,
 Aspiring to be Angels, Men rebell :
 And who but wishes to invert the Laws 125
 Of ORDER, sins against th' Eternal Cause.

ASK for what end the heav'nly Bodies shine ?
 Earth for whose use ? Pride answers, 'Tis for mine :
 " For me kind Nature wakes her genial pow'r,
 " Suckles each herb, and spreads out ev'ry flow'r ; 130
 " Annual for me the grape, the rose renew
 " The juice nectareous, and the balmy dew ;
 " For me the mine a thousand treasures brings,
 " For me health gushes from a thousand springs ;
 " Seas roll to waft me, suns to light me rise, 135
 " My footstool earth, my canopy the skies.

But errs not Nature from this gracious end,
 From burning Suns when livid deaths descend,
 When earthquakes swallow, and when tempests sweep
 Towns to one grave, and Nations to the Deep ? 140
 No ('tis reply'd) the first Almighty Cause
 " Acts not by partial, but by gen'ral Laws ;
 " Th' Exceptions few ; some Change since all began ;
 " And what created, perfect ?——Why then Man ?

If

If the great End be human Happiness,
 And Nature deviates, how can Man do less? 145
 As much that End a constant course requires
 Of show'rs and sunshine, as of Man's Desires,
 As much eternal springs and cloudless skies,
 As men for ever temp'rate, calm, and wise. 150
 If Plagues or Earthquakes break not heav'n's design, ;
 Why then a Borgia or a Cataline ?
 From Pride, from Pride our very reas'ning springs
 Account for moral, as for nat'ral things :
 Why charge we heav'n in those, in these acquit ?
 In both, to reason right is to submit.

BETTER for us, perhaps, it might appear,
 Were there all harmony, all virtue here :
 That never air or ocean felt the wind ;
 That never passion discompos'd the mind :
 But *All* subsists by elemental strife ;
 And Passions are the Elements of life.
 The gen'ral Order, since the whole began,
 Is kept in Nature, and is kept in Man.

WHAT would this Man, now upward will he soar,
 And little less than Angel, would be more ; 166
 Now looking downward, just as griev'd appears
 To want the strength of Bulls, the fur of Bears.
 Made for his use all Creatures if he call,
 Say what their use, had he the pow'rs of all ? 170

NATURE to these without profusion kind,
 The proper organs, proper pow'rs assign'd,
 Each seeming want compensated of course,
 Here, with degrees of Swiftneſs, there of Force ;
 All in exact proportion to the ſtate. 175
 Nothing to add, and nothing to abate.
 Each Beaſt, each Inſect, happy in its own.
 Is Heav'n unkind to Man, and Man alone ?
 Shall he alone, whom rational we call,
 Be pleas'd with nothing, if not bleſs'd with all ? 180

THE bliſs of Man (could Pride that bleſſing find)
 Is, not to think, or act beyond Mankind ;
 No pow'rs of Body or of Soul to ſhare,
 But what his Nature and his State can bear.
 Why has not Man a microſcopic eye ? 185
 For this plain reaſon, Man is not a Fly.
 Say what the uſe, were finer opticks giv'n.
 T'inspect a Mite, not comprehend the Heav'n ?
 Or Touch, if tremblingly alive all o'er,
 To ſmart, and agonize at ev'ry pore ? 190
 Or keen Effluvia darting thro' the brain,
 Die of a Roſe, in aromatic pain ?
 If Nature thunder'd in his opening ears,
 And ſtunn'd him with the muſic of the Spheres,

VER. 174. *Here with degrees of Swiftneſs, there of Force.*] It is a certain Axiom in the Anatomy of Creatures, that in proportion as they are form'd for Strength their Swiftneſs is leſſen'd or as they are form'd for Swiftneſs, their Strength is abated.

How

How would he wish that Heav'n had left him still 195
 The whisp'ring Zephyr, and the purling rill ?
 Who finds not Providence all-good and wise,
 Alike in what it gives, and what denies ?

FAR as Creation's ample range extends,
 The scale of sensual, mental pow'rs ascends ; 200
 Mark how it mounts to Man's imperial race,
 From the green myraids in the peopled grass !
 What modes of Sight, betwixt each wide extreme,
 The Mole's dim curtain, and the Lynx's beam :
 Of smell, the headlong Lioness between, 205
 And hound, sagacious on the tainted green :
 Of hearing, from the Life that fills the flood,
 To that which warbles through the vernal wood :
 The spider's touch, how exquisitely fine !
 Feels at each thread, and lives along the line : 210
 In the nice bee, what sense so subtly true
 From pois'nous herbs extracts the healing dew.

VER. 205. — *the headlong Lioness* —] The manner of the Lions hunting their Prey in the Desarts of *Africa* is this ; at their first going out in the night-time they set up a loud Roar, and then listen to the Noise made by the Beasts in their Flight, pursuing them by the Ear, and not by the Nostril. It is probable, the story of the Jackall's hunting for the Lion was occasion'd by observation of the Defect of Scent in that terrible Animal

How

How Instinct varies ! in the groveling swine,
 Compar'd, half-reas'ning Elephant with thine ;
 Twixt that, and Reason, what a nice Barrier, 215
 For ever sep'rate, yet for ever near :
 Remembrance, and Reflection, how ally'd ;
 What thin partitions Sense from Thought divide :
 And middle natures, how they long to join,
 Yet never pass th' insuperable line ! 220
 Without this just Gradation, could they be
 Subjected those to those, or all to thee ?
 The pow'rs of all subdu'd by thee alone,
 Is not thy Reason all those pow'rs in one ?

SEE, thro' this air, this ocean, and this earth, 225
 All Matter quick, and bursting into birth.
 Above, how high progressive life may go ?
 Around how wide ? how deep extend below ?
 Vast Chain of Being ! which of God began,
 Natures Ethereal, human Angel, Man, 230
 Beast, bird, fish, insect ; what no Eye can see,
 No Gloss can reach ; from Infinite to thee,
 From thee to Nothing ! — On superior pow'rs
 Were we to press, inferior might on ours ;
 Or in the full Creation leave a Void, 235
 Where, one step broken, the great Scale's destroy'd :
 From Nature's Chain whatever link you strike,
 Tenth or ten thousandth, breaks the chain alike.

And if each System in gradation roll,
 Alike essential to th' amazing Whole ; 240
 The

The least confusion but in one, not all
 That System only, but the whole must fall.
 Let Earth unbalanc'd from her Orbit fly,
 Planets and Suns rush lawless thro' the sky,
 Let ruling Angels from their spheres be hurl'd, 245
 Being on Being wreck'd, and World on World,
 Heav'ns whole foundations to their Centre nod,
 And Nature tremble, to the Throne of God.
 All this dread ORDER break — For whom? for thee,
 Vile Worm! O Madness! Pride! Impiety! 250

What if the foot ordain'd the dust to tread,
 Or hand to toil, aspir'd to be the Head?
 What if the head, the eye or ear, repin'd
 To serve mere Engines to the ruling Mind?
 Just as absurd, for any Part to claim 255
 To be another, in this gen'ral Frame:
 Just as absurd, to mourn the tasks, or pains,
 The great directing *Mind* of *All* ordains.

All are but parts of one stupendous Whole,
 Whose Body Nature is, and God the Soul; 260
 That, chang'd thro' all, and yet in all the same,
 Great in the Earth as in th' Æthereal frame,
 Warms in the Sun, refreshes in the Breeze,
 Glows in the Stars, and blossoms in the Trees,
 Lives thro' all Life, extends thro' all Extent, 265
 Spreads undivided, operates unspent,
 Breaths in our soul, informs our mortal part,
 As full, as perfect, in a hair, as heart,

As

As full, as perfect, in vile Man that mourns,
 As the rapt Seraphin that sings and burns ; 270
 To him no high, no low, no great, no small ;
 He fills, he bounds, connects, and equals all.

Cease then, nor ORDER *Imperfection* name :
 Our proper bliss depends on what we blame.
 Know thy own *Point* : This kind, this due degree 275
 Of blindness, weakness, Heav'n bestows on thee.
 Submit — in this, or any other Sphere,
 Secure to be as blest as thou canst bear ;
 Safe in the hand of one disposing Pow'r,
 Or in the natal, or the mortal Hour. 280
 All Nature is but Art, unknown to thee ;
 All Chance, Direction which thou canst not see ;
 All Discord, Harmony not understood ;
 All partial Evil, universal Good :
 And spight of Pride, in erring Reason's spight, 285
 One truth is clear ; " Whatever Is, is RIGHT."

EPISTLE



EPISTLE II.



Now then thy-self; presume not God
to scan;

The proper study of mankind is
Man.

PLAC'D on this Isthmus of a middle state,
A Being darkly wise, and rudely great;
With too much knowledge for the Sceptic side,
With too much weakness for a Stoic's pride,
He hangs between; in doubt to act, or rest,
In doubt to deem himself a God, or Beast,
In doubt his mind or body to prefer,
Born but to die, and reas'ning but to err;
Alike in ignorance, his Reason such,
Whether he thinks too little, or too much.

D

Chaos

Chaos of Thought and Passion, all confus'd;
 Still by himself abus'd, or dis-abus'd;
 Created half to rise, and half to fall; 15
 Great Lord of all things, yet a Prey to all;
 Sole Judge of Truth, in endless Error hurl'd;
 The Glory, Jest, and Riddle of the world!

Go, wond'rous Creature! mount where Science
 guides,
 Go measure Earth, weigh Air, and state the Tydes, 20
 Instruct the Planets in what Orbs to run,
 Correct old Time, and regulate the Sun.
 Go, soar with Plato to th'empyrean sphere,
 To the first Good, first Perfect, and first Fair;
 Or tread the mazy round his Follow'rs trod, 25
 And quitting Sense call Imitating God;
 As Eastern Priests in giddy circles run,
 And turn their heads, to imitate the Sun.
 Go, teach Eternal Wisdom how to rule;
 Then drop into thy-self, and be a Fool! 30

SUPERIOR Beings, when of late they saw
 A mortal Man unfold all Nature's Law,
 Admir'd such Wisdom in an earthly shape,
 And show'd a NEWTON, as we show an *Ape*.

COULD He who taught each Planer where to roll, 35
 Describe, or fix, one Movement of the Soul?
 Who mark'd their points, to rise and to descend,
 Explain, or his Beginning, or his End?

Alas

E P I S T L E S.

27

Alas what wonder! Man's superior part
Uncheck'd may rise, and climb from Art to Art; 40
But when his own great work is but begun,
What Reason weaves, by Passion is undone.

Two Principles in human Nature reign;
Self-Love, to urge; and *Reason*, to restrain;
Nor this a good, nor that a bad we call, 45
Each works its end, to move, or govern all:
And to their proper operation still
Ascribe all Good; to their improper, Ill.

SELF-LOVE, the Spring of motion, acts the soul;
Reason's comparing Balance rules the whole; 50
Man, but for that, no *Action* could attend,
And but for this, were active to no *End*.
Fix'd like a Plant, on his peculiar spot,
To draw nutrition, propagate, and rot;
Or Meteor-like, flame lawless through the void, 55
Destroying others, by himself destroy'd.

Most strength the *moving* Principle requires,
Active its task, it prompts, impels, inspires:
Sedate and quiet the *comparing* lies,
Form'd but to check, delib'rate, and advise. 60
Self Love yet stronger, as its objects nigh;
Reason's at distance and in prospect lye;
That sees immediate Good, by present sense,
Reason the future, and the consequence;

Thicker

Thicker than Arguments, Temptations throng, 65
 At best more watchful this, but that more strong.
 The action of the stronger to suspend,
 Reason still use, to Reason still attend :
 Attention, Habit and Experience gains,
 Each strengthens Reason, and Self-love restrains. 70

LET subtle Schoolmen teach these Friends to fight,
 More studious to divide, than to unite,
 And Grace and Virtue, Sense and Reason split,
 With all the rash dexterity of Wit.
 Wits, just like fools, at war about a Name, 75
 Have full as oft, no meaning, or the same.
 Self-love and Reason to one end aspire,
 Pain their aversion, Pleasure their desire;
 But greedy that its object would devour,
 This taste the honey, and not wound the flower. 80
 Pleasure, or wrong or rightly understood,
 Our greatest Evil, or our greatest Good.

MODES of Self-love the PASSIONS we may call;
 'Tis real Good, or seeming, moves them all:
 But since not every Good we can divide, 85
 And Reason bids us for our own provide,
 Passions tho' selfish, if their Means be fair,
 List under Reason, and deserve her care:
 Those that imparted, court a nobler aim,
 Exalt their kind, and take some Virtue's name. 90

IN lazy *Apathy* let Stoics boast
 Their Virtue fix'd ; 'tis fix'd as in a Frost :
 Contracted all, retiring to the breast :
 But Strength of Mind is Exercise, not Rest :
 The rising tempest puts in act the soul, 95
 Parts it may ravage, but preserves the whole.
 On Life's vast Ocean diversely we sail,
 Reason the Card, but Passion is the Gale :
 Nor God alone in the still Calm we find,
 He mounts the Storm, and *walks upon the Wind*. 100

PASSIONS, like Elements, tho' born to fight,
 Yet mix'd and soften'd, in his work unite :
 These, 'tis enough to temper and employ ;
 But what composes Man, can Man destroy ?
 Suffice that Reason keep to Nature's road, 105
 Subject, compound them, follow her, and God.

LOVE, Hope, and Joy, fair Pleasure's smiling train,
 Hate, Fear, and Grief, the Family of Pain ;
 These mix'd with art, and to due bounds confin'd,
 Make, and maintain, the Balance of the Mind : 110
 The Lights and Shades, whose well-accorded strife
 Gives all the Strength and Colour of our life.

PLEASURES are ever in our hands, or eyes,
 And when in Act they cease, in Prospect rise ;
 Present to grasp, and future still to find, 115
 The whole employ of Body and of Mind.

All spread their charms, but charm not all alike;
 On diff'rent Senses diff'rent Objects strike:
 Hence diff'rent Passions more or less inflame,
 As strong, or weak, the Organs of the Frame; 120
 And hence one Master Passion in the breast,
 Like Aaron's Serpent, swallows up the rest.

As Man perhaps, the moment of his breath,
 Receives the lurking Principle of death,
 The young Disease that must subdue at length, 125
 Grows with his growth, and strengthens with his
 strength:

So, cast and mingled with his very Frame,
 The Mind's disease, its *ruling Passion* came:
 Each vital humour which should feed the whole,
 Soon flows to this, in Body and in Soul. 130
 Whatever warms the heart, or fills the head,
 As the mind opens, and its functions spread,
 Imagination plies her dang'rous art,
 And pours it all upon the peccant part.

NATURE its Mother, Habit is its Nurse; 135
 Wit, Spirit, Faculties, but make it worse;
 Reason itself but gives it edge and pow'r,
 As Heav'n's blest Beam turns Vinegar more sow'r.
 The ruling Passion, be it what it will,
 The ruling Passion conquers Reason still. 140
 We, wretched subjects tho' to lawful sway,
 In this weak Queen, some Fav'rite still obey.

Ah!

Ah! if she lend not Arms as well as Rules,
 What can she more, than tell us we are Fools?
 Teach us to mourn our nature, not to mend, 145
 A sharp Accuser, but a helpless Friend?
 Or from a Judge turn Pleader, to persuade
 The choice we make, or justify it made?
 Proud of imagin'd Conquests all along,
 She but removes weak Passions for the strong; 150
 So, when small Humours gather to a Gout,
 The Doctor fancies he has driv'n them out.

YES; *Nature's* Road must ever be prefer'd;
 Reason is here no Guide, but still a Guard;
 'Tis her's to rectify, not overthrow, 155
 And treat this Passion more as Friend than Foe:
 A MIGHTIER POW'R the strong Direction sends,
 And sev'ral Men impels to sev'ral Ends:
 Like varying Winds, by other passions tost,
 This drives them constant to a certain Coast. 160
 Let Pow'r or Knowledge, Gold, or Glory please,
 Or (oft more strong than all) the Love of ease,
 Thro' life 'tis follow'd, ev'n at life's expence;
 The Merchant's toil, the Sage's indolence,
 The Monk's humility, the Hero's pride, 165
 All, all alike find Reason on their Side.

TH' Eternal Art, educing Good from Ill,
 Grafts on this Passion our best Principle:
 'Tis thus, the Mercury of Man is fix'd,
 Strong grows the Virtue with his Nature mix'd; 170
 The

The Dross cements what else were too refin'd,
And in one int'rest Body acts with Mind.

As Fruits ungrateful to the Planter's care
On savage stocks inserted, learn to bear ;
The surest Virtues thus from Passions shoot, 175
Wild Nature's Vigour working at the root.
What Crops of Wit and Honesty appear,
From Spleen, from Obstinacy, Hate or Fear !
See Anger, Zeal and Fortitude supply ;
Ev'n Av'rice Prudence ; Sloth Philosophy ; 180
Envy, to which th' ignoble mind's a slave,
Is Emulation in the Learn'd and Brave :
Lust, thro' some certain Strainers well refin'd,
Is gentle Love, and charms all Womankind.
Nor Virtue, male or female, can we name, 185
But what will grow on Pride, or grow on Shame.

THUS Nature gives us (let it check our pride)
The Virtue nearest to our Vice ally'd ;
Reason the Byas turns to Good from Ill,
And Nero reigns a Titus, if he will. 190
The fiery soul abhor'd in Cataline
In Decius charms, in Curtius is divine.
The same Ambition can destroy or save,
And makes a Patriot, as it makes a Knave.

THIS Light and Darknes, in our Chaos join'd, 195
What shall divide ? The God within the Mind.

E P I S T L E S.

33

EXTREMES in Nature equal ends produce,
 In man, they join to some myſterious uſe ;
 Tho' oft ſo mix'd, the diff'rence is too nice
 Where ends the vertue, or begins the vice, 200
 Now this, now that the other's bound invades,
 As in ſome well-wrought Picture, lights and ſhades.

FOOLS ! who from hence into the notion fall,
 That Vice or Virtue there is none at all
 If white and black, blend, ſoften, and unite 205
 A thouſand ways, is there no black or white ?
 Ask your own Heart, and nothing is ſo plain ;
 'Tis to *miſtake* them, coſts the time and pain.

VICE is a monſter of ſo frightful Mien,
 As, to be hated, needs but to be ſeen ; 210
 Yet ſeen too oft, familiar with her face,
 We firſt endure, then pity, then embrace.
 But where th' Extreme of Vice, was ne'er agreed ;
 Ask, where's the *North* ? at York 'tis on the Tweed,
 In Scotland at the Orcades, and there 215
 At Greenland, Zembla, or the Lord knows where.
 No creature owns it in the firſt degree,
 But thinks his Neighbour farther gone than he.
 Ev'n thoſe who dwell beneath her very Zone,
 Or never feel the rage, or never own ; 220
 What happier Natures ſhrink at with affright,
 The hard Inhabitant contends is right.

VIRTUOUS and vicious ev'ry man must be,
 Few in th' Extreme, but all in the Degree :
 The Rogue and Fool by fits is fair and wise, 225
 And ev'n the best by fits what they despise,
 'Tis but by *Parts* we follow Good or Ill,
 For, Vice or Virtue, *Self* directs it still ;
 Each Individual seeks a sev'ral goal :
 But HEAV'N's great view is *One*, and that the WHOLE:
 That counter-works each Folly and Caprice: 231
 That disappoints th' Effect of ev'ry Vice:
 That, happy Frailties to all ranks apply'd,
 Shame to the Virgin, to the Matron Pride,
 Fear to the Statesman, Rashness to the Chief, 235
 To Kings Presumption, and to Crowds Belief.
 That, Virtue's Ends from Vanity can raise,
 Which seeks no int'rest, no reward but Praise ;
 And build on Wants, and on Defects of mind,
 The Joy, the Peace, the Glory of Mankind. 240

HEAV'N forming each on other to depend,
 A Master, or a Servant, or a Friend,
 Bids each to other for assistance call,
 'Till one man's weakness grows the strength of all.
 Wants, Frailties, Passions, closer still allye 245
 The common int'rest, or endear the tie :
 To these we owe true Friendship, Love sincere,
 Each home-felt joy that Life inherits here :
 Yet from the same we learn, in its decline,
 Those joys, those loves, those int'rests to resign ; 250

Taught

Taught half by reason, half by mere delay,
To welcome Death, and calmly pass away.

WHATE'ER the Passion, Knowledge, Fame, or
Pelf,

Not one will change his Neighbour with himself.
The learn'd are happy, Nature to explore ; 255
The fool is happy that he knows no more ;
The rich are happy in the plenty giv'n ;
The poor contents him with the care of Heav'n.
See the blind Beggar dance, the Cripple sing,
The Sot a Hero, Lunatic a King, 260
The starving Chymist in his golden Views
Supremely blest, the Poet in his Muse.

SEE ! some strange Comfort ev'ry State attend,
And *Pride* bestow'd on all, a common Friend ;
See ! some fit Passion ev'ry Age supply, 265
Hope travels thro', nor quits us when we die,

'TILL then, *Opinion* gilds with varying rays
Those painted clouds that beautify our days ;
Each want of Happiness by Hope supply'd,
And each vacuity of Sense by Pride. 270
These build up all that Knowledge can destroy ;
In Folly's cup still laughs the bubble, Joy ;

One Prospect lost, another still we gain,
 And not a Vanity is giv'n in vain :
 Ev'n mean *Self-Love* becomes, by force divine, 273
 The Scale to measure others wants by thine.
 See ! and confess, one comfort still must rise,
 'Tis this, tho' *Man's a Fool*, yet GOD IS WISE.





EPISTLE III.

Learn Dulness, learn! (' *The Universal Cause*

" Acts to *one End*, but acts by various Laws."

In all the Madness of superfluous Health,

The Trim of Pride, and Impudence of Wealth,
Let that great Truth be present night and day; 5
But most be present if thou *preach*, or *pray*.

VIEW thy own World : behold the Chain of Love
Combining all below, and all above.
See, plastic Nature working to this End;
The single Atoms each to other tend, 19
Attract, attracted to, the next in place,
Form'd, and impell'd, its *Neighbour* to embrace;
See Matter next, with various life endu'd,
Press to one Center still, the *Gen'ral Good*.

See

See dying Vegetables Life sustain, 15
 See Life dissolving vegetate again.
 All Forms that perish other forms supply,
 By turns they catch the vital Breath, and die :
 Like Bubbles in the Sea of Matter born,
 They rise, they break, and to that Sea return. 20
 Nothing is foreign : Parts relate to Whole :
 One all-extending, all preserving Soul
 Connects each Being, greatest with the least ?
 Made Beast in aid of Man, and Man of Beast ;
 All serv'd, and serving, nothing stands alone ; 25
 The Chain holds on, and where it ends, unknown !

HAS GOD, thou Fool ! work'd solely for thy good,
 Thy joy, thy pastime, thy attire, thy food ?
 Who for thy Table feeds the wanton Fawn,
 For him as kindly spreads the flow'ry Lawn. 30
 Is it for thee the Lark ascends and sings ?
 Joy tunes his voice, Joy elevates his wings ;
 Is it for thee the Linnet pours his throat ?
 Loves of his own, and raptures swell the Note.
 The bounding Steed you pompously bestride, 35
 Shares with his Lord the pleasure and the pride.
 Is thine alone the Seed that strows the plain ?
 The Birds of Heav'n shall vindicate their grain ;
 Thine the full Harvest of the golden year ?
 Part pays, and justly, the deserving Steer. 40
 The Hog that plows not, or obeys thy call,
 Lives on the labours of this Lord of all.

KNOW, Nature's Children all divide her care :
 The Furr that warms a Monarch, warm'd a Bear.
 While Man exclaims, "see all things for my use ! 45
 "See Man for mine," replies a pamper'd Goose :
 What care to tend, to lodge, to cram, to treat him,
 All this he knew ; but not that 'twas to eat him.
 As far as Goose could judge, he reason'd right,
 But as to Man, mistook the matter quite : 50
 And just as short of Reason, Man will fall,
 Who thinks *All* made for *One*, not *One* for *All*.

GRANT, that the pow'rful still the weak controul,
 Be Man the Wit and Tyrant of the whole.
 Nature that Tyrant checks ; He only knows 55
 And feels, another creature's wants and woes.
 Say will the falcon, stooping from above,
 Smit with her varying plumage, spare the dove ?
 Admires the jay the insects gilded wings,
 Or hears the hawk, when *Philomela* sings ?
 Man cares for All, to birds he gives his woods,
 To beasts his pastures, and to fish his floods ;
 For some his Int'rest prompts him to provide,
 For more his Pleasure, yet for more his Pride :
 All feed on one vain Patron, and enjoy 65
 Th' extensive blessing of his Luxury.
 That very life his learned hunger craves,
 He saves from famine, from the savage saves ;
 Nay, feasts the Animal he dooms his feast,
 And 'till he ends the Being, makes it blest : 70

Which

Which sees no more the stroke, or feels the pain,
 Than favour'd Man, by Touch ætherial slain.
 The Creature had his Feast of life before ;
 Thou too must perish, when thy feast is o'er !

To each unthinking being Heav'n a friend, 75
 Gives not the useless knowledge of its End ;
 To Man imparts it ; but with such a View,
 As while he dreads it, makes him hope it too :
 The hour conceal'd, and so remote the fear,
 Death still draws nearer, never seeming near. 80
 Great standing Miracle ! that Heav'n assign'd
 Its only thinking thing, this turn of Mind.

WHETHER with *Reason*, or with *Instinct* blest,
 Know, all enjoy that pow'r which suits 'em best,
 To bliss, alike, by that direction tend, 85
 And find the means proportion'd to their end.
 Say, where full *Instinct* is th' unerring guide,
 What Pope or Council can they need beside ?
 Reason, however able, cool at best,
 Cares not for service, or but serves when prest, 90
 Stays till we call, and then not often near ;
 But honest *Instinct* comes a Volunteer.

VER. 72.] Several of the Antients, and many of
 the Orientals at this day, esteem'd those who were
 struck by Lightning as sacred Persons, and the par-
 ticular Favourites of Heaven.

This

This too serves always, Reason never long;
 One *must* go right, the other *may* go wrong.
 See then the *acting* and *comparing* pow'rs
 One in their nature, which are two in ours,
 And Reason raise o'er Instinct, as you can;
 In this 'tis God directs, in that 'tis Man.

Who taught the Nations of the field and wood,
 To shun their Poison, and to chuse their Food?
 Prescient, the Tydes or Tempests to withstand,
 Build on the Wave, or arch beneath the Sand?
 Who made the Spider Parallels design,
 Sure as *De-Moivre*, without rule or line?
 Who bid the Stork, *Columbus*-like, explore
 Heav'ns not his own, and worlds unknown before?
 Who calls the Council, states the certain day,
 Who forms the Phalanx, and who points the way?

God, in the Nature of each being, founds
 Its proper blifs, and sets its proper bounds:
 But as he fram'd a Whole, the whole to bless
 On mutual *Wants* built mutual *Happiness*:
 So from the first Eternal ORDER ran,
 And Creature link'd to Creature, Man to Man.
 What'ere of Life all-quickening Æther keeps,
 Or breathes thro' Air, or shoots beneath the Deeps,
 Or pours profuse on Earth; one Nature feeds
 The vital flame, and swells the genial seeds.
 Not Man alone, but all that roam the wood,
 Or wing the sky, or roll along the flood,

Each loves Itself, but not itself alone,
 Each Sex desires alike, till two are one :
 Nor ends the pleasure with the fierce embrace ;
 They love themselves, a third time, in their Race.
 Thus beast and bird their common charge attend, 125
 The mothers nurse it, and the fires defend ;
 The young dismiss'd to wander earth or air,
 There stops the Instinct, and there ends the care,
 The link dissolves, each seeks a fresh embrace, 130
 Another love succeeds, another race.
 A longer care Man's helpless kind demands ;
 That longer care contracts more lasting bands :
 Reflection, Reason, still the ties improve,
 At once extend the Int'rest, and the Love : 135
 With Choice we fix, with Sympathy we burn,
 Each Virtue in each Passion takes its turn ;
 And still new Needs, new Helps, new Habits rise,
 That graft Benevolence on Charities.
 Still as one brood, and as another rose, 140
 These nat'ral Love maintain'd, habitual those ;
 The last scarce ripen'd into perfect Man,
 Saw helpless Him from whom their life began :
 Mem'ry, and Forecast, just returns engage,
 That pointed back to Youth, this on to Age ; 145
 While Pleasure, Gratitude, and Hope combin'd,
 Still spread the Int'rest, and preserv'd the Kind.

Nor think, in *Nature's State* they blindly trod ;
 The *State of NATURE* was the *Reign of God* :

Self-

Self-Love, and Social, at her birth began, 150
 UNION the Bond of all things, and of Man.
 Pride then was not; nor Arts, that Pride to aid;
 Man walk'd with Beast, joint Tenant of the Shade;
 The same his Table, and the same his Bed;
 No murder cloath'd him, and no murder fed. 155
 In the same Temple, the resounding Wood,
 All vocal Beings hymn'd their equal God:
 The Shrine with Gore unstain'd, with Gold undrest,
 Unbrib'd, unbloody, stood the blameless Priest.
 Heav'n's Attribute was Universal Care, 160
 And Man's Prerogative to rule, but spare.
 Ah how unlike the man of times to come!
 Of half that live, the Butcher, and the Tomb;
 Who, foe to Nature, hears the gen'ral groan,
 Murders their species, and betrays his own. 165
 But just disease to luxury succeeds,
 And ev'ry death its own Avenger breeds;
 The Fury-Passions from that blood began,
 And turn'd on Man a fiercer savage, Man.

SEE him from Nature rising slow to Art! 170
 To copy *Instinct* then was *Reason's* part;
 Thus then to Man the Voice of Nature spake—
 " Go! from the Creatures thy instructions take;
 " Learn from the Birds, what food the thickets yield;
 " Learn from the Beasts, the Physick of the field:
 " Thy Arts of building from the Bee receive; 176
 " Learn of the Mole to plow, the Worm to weave;

" Learn

- " Learn of the little * Nautilus to sail,
 " Spread the thin oar, and catch the driving gale.
 " Here too all Forms of social Union find, 180
 " And hence let Reason, late, instruct mankind:
 " Here subterranean Works and Cities see,
 " There Towns aerial on the waving Tree.
 " Learn each small people's Genius, Policies;
 " The Ants Republick, and the Realm of Bees; 185
 " How those in common all their stores bestow,
 " And Anarchy without confusion know,
 " And these for ever, tho' a Monarch reign,
 " Their sep'rate Cells and Properties maintain.
 " Mark what unvary'd Laws preserve their State,
 " Laws wise as Nature, and as fix'd as Fate. 191
 " In vain thy Reason finer webs shall draw,
 " Entangle Justice in her Net of Law,
 " And Right too rigid harden into Wrong,
 " Still for the strong too weak, the weak too strong.
 " Yet go! and thus o'er all the Creatures sway, 196
 " Thus let the wiser make the rest obey,
 " Who for those Arts they learn'd of Brutes before,
 " As Kings shall crown them, or as Gods adore.

* VER. 178.] Oppian. *Helieut. Lib. I.* describes this Fish in the following manner. They swim on the surface of the Sea, on the back of their Shells, which exactly resemble the Hulk of a Ship; they raise two Feet like Masts, and extend a Membrane between which serves as a Sail; the other two Feet they employ as Oars at the side. They are usually seen in the Mediterranean.

GREAT *Nature* spoke ; observant Men obey'd ; 200
 Cities were built, Societies were made :
 Here rose one little State ; another near
 Grew by like means, and join'd thro' Love, or Fear.
 Did here the Trees with ruddier burdens bend,
 And there the Streams in purer rills descend ? 205
 What War could ravish, Commerce could bestow,
 And he return'd a friend, who came a foe.
 Converse or Love, mankind might strongly draw,
 When Love was Liberty, and Nature Law.
 Thus States were form'd ; the name of King unknown,
 'Till common Int'rest plac'd the sway in One, 210
 Then VIRTUE ONLY (or in Arts, or Arms,
 Diffusing blessings, or averting harms)
 The same which in a Sire the Sons obey'd,
 A Prince the Father of a People made. 215

'TILL then, by Nature crown'd, each Patriarch
 fate,
 King, Priest, and Parent of his growing State :
 On him, their second Providence, they hung,
 Their Law, his Eye ; their Oracle, his Tongue.
 He, from the wond'ring Furrow call'd their food, 220
 Taught to command the Fire, controul the Flood,
 Draw forth the Monsters of th' Abyss profound,
 Or fetch th' aerial Eagle to the ground.
 Till drooping, sick'ning, dying, they began
 Whom they revers'd as God, to mourn as Man. 225
 Then, looking up from Sire to Sire, explor'd
 One great, first Father, and that first ador'd.

Or

Or plain Tradition that this All begun,
Convey'd unbroken Faith from Sire to Son,
The Workman from the Work distinct was
known,

And simple Reason never fought but One:
 E're Wit oblique had broke that steady light,
 Man, like his Maker, saw, that *all was right*,
 To Virtue in the paths of Pleasure trod,
 And own'd a Father when he own'd a God. 235

Love all the Faith, and all th' Allegiance then;
For Nature knew no Right Divine in Men,
No Ill could fear in God ; and understood
A Sovereign Being but a Sovereign Good.
True Faith, true Policy, united ran, 240
That was but Love of God, and this of Man.

Who first taught souls enslav'd, and realms undone,
Th' enormous Faith of Many made for One?
That proud Exception to all Nature's laws,
T'invert the World, and counter-work its Cause? 245
Force first made Conquest, and that Conquest, Law;
Till Superstition taught the Tyrant Awe,
Then shar'd the Tyranny, and lent it aid,
And Gods of Conqu'rors, Slaves of Subjects made:
She, midst the Light'ning's blaze and Thunder's
 sound,

When rock'd the Mountains, and when groan'd the
ground,

She taught the weak to bend, the proud to pray
To Pow'r unseen, and mightier far than they.

She,

She, from the rending earth, and bursting skies;
 Saw Gods descend, and Fiends infernal rise; 254
 Here fix'd the dreadful, there the blest abodes;
 Fear made her Devils, and weak Hope her Gods:
 Gods partial, changeful, passionate, unjust,
 Whose Attributes were Rage, Revenge, or Lust:
 Such as the souls of Cowards might conceive, 260
 And form'd like Tyrants, Tyrants would believe.
 Zeal then, not Charity, became the guide,
 And Hell was built on Spite, and Heav'n on Pride.
 Then sacred seem'd th' Æthereal Vault no more;
 Altars grew marble then, and reek'd with gore: 265
 Then first the Flamen tasted living food;
 Next his grim Idol smear'd with human blood;
 With Heav'n's own Thunders shook the world below,
 And play'd the God an Engine on his foe.

So drives *Self-love*, thro' just and thro' unjust, 270
 To One man's Pow'r, Ambition, Lucre, Lust:
 The same Self-love, in All, becomes the cause
 Of what restrains him, Government and Laws.
 For what one likes if others like as well,
 What serves one Will when many Wills rebel? 275
 How shall he keep, what sleeping or awake
 A weaker may surprize, a stronger take?
 His Safety must his Liberty restrain;
 All join to guard what each desires to gain.
 Forc'd into Virtue thus by Self-defence, 280
 Ev'n Kings learn'd Justice and Benevolence:

Self-

Self-love forsook the path it first pursu'd,
And found the private in the public Good.

'Twas then, the studious Head, or gen'rous Mind;
Follow'r of God, or Friend of Humankind, 285
Poet or Patriot rose, but to restore
The Faith and Moral, *Nature* gave before;
Relum'd her ancient light, not kindled new;
If not God's Image, yet his Shadow drew;
Taught Pow'rs due use to People and to Kings, 290
Taught, not to slack nor strain its tender strings;
The Less, and Greater, set so justly true,
That touching one must strike the other too,
And jarring Int'rests of themselves create
Th' according Music of a well-mix'd State. 295
Such is the WORLD's great Harmony, that springs
From Union, Order, full Consent of things!
Where small and great, where weak and mighty
made
To serve, not suffer, strengthen, not invade,
More pow'rful each as needful to the rest, 300
And in proportion as it blesses, blest,
Draw to one point, and to one Centre bring
Beast, Man, or Angel, Servant, Lord, or King.

For Forms of Government let fools contest,
Whate'er is best administred, is best: 305
For Modes of Faith let graceless Zealots fight,
His can't be wrong whose Life is in the right:

All must be false, that thwart this *One, great End,*
And all of God, that blest Mankind, or mend. 315.

MAN, like the gen'rous Vine, supported lives,
The Strength he gains is from th' Embrace he gives.
On their own Axis as the Planets run,
Yet make at once their Circle round the Sun;
So two consistent Motions act the soul, 320
And one regards *Itself*, and one the *Whole*.

THUS God and Nature link'd the gen'ral Frame,
And bad Self-Love and Social be the same.





EPISTLE IV.



HAPPINESS! our Being's End and
Aim!

Good, Pleasure, Ease, Content! what
e'er thy name:

That Something still, which prompts
th' eternal sigh,

For which we bear to live, nor fear to die;

Which still so near us, yet beyond us lies,

O'erlook'd, seen double, by the fool—and wise.

Plant of Cælestial seed! if dropt below,

Say, in what mortal soil thou deign'st to grow?

Fair-opening to some Court's propitious Shine,

Or deep with diamonds in the flaming Mine.

Twin'd with the wreaths Parnassian Laurels yield,

Or reap'd in Iron Harvests of the Field?

Where

Where grows—where grows it not?—If vain our toil,
 We ought to blame the Culture, not the Soil :
 Fix'd to no spot is Happiness sincere ; 15
 'Tis no where to be found, or ev'ry where ;
 'Tis never to be bought, but always free,
 And fled from Monarchs, St. JOHN ! dwells with thee.

Ask of the Learn'd the way, the Learn'd are blind,
 This bids to serve, and that to shun mankind : 20
 Some place the bliss in Action, some in Ease,
 Those call it Pleasure, and Contentment these :
 Who thus define it, say they more or less
 Than this, that Happiness is Happiness ?
 One grants his Pleasure is but Rest from pain, 25
 One doubts of All, one owns ev'n Virtue vain.

TAKE *Nature's* path, and mad Opinion's leave,
 All States can reach it, and all Heads conceive ;
 Obvious her goods, in no Extreme they dwell,
 There needs but thinking right, and meaning well ;
 And mourn our various portions as we please, 31
Equalis common Sense, and common Ease.

REMEMBER Man, " the universal Cause
 " Acts not by partial but by gen'ral Laws ;
 And makes what Happiness we justly call, 35
 Subsist not in the Good of one, but all.
 There's not a blessing Individuals find,
 But some way leans and hearkens to the Kind.
 No Bandit fierce, no Tyrant mad with pride,
 No cavern'd Hermit, rest self-satisfy'd ; Who

Who most to shun or hate mankind pretend,
 Seek an Admirer, or wou'd fix a Friend.
 Abstract what others feel, what others think,
 All Pleasures sicken, and all Glories sink;
 Each has his share, and who wou'd more obtain 45
 Shall find, the pleasure pays not half the pain.

ORDER is Heav'n's first Law; and this confess,
 Some are, and must be, greater than the rest,
 More rich, more wise; but who infers from hence
 That such are *happier*, shocks all common sense. 50
 Heav'n to mankind impartial we confess
 If all are equal in their happiness:
 But mutual wants this happiness increase,
 All Nature's diff'rence keep in Nature's peace.
 Condition, Circumstance is not the thing: 55
Bliss is the same, in subject or in King;
 In who obtain defence, or who defend;
 In him who is, or him who finds, a friend.
 Heav'n breathes thro' ev'ry member of the whole
 One common Blessing, as one common Soul: 60
 But Fortune's gifts if each alike possess,
 And each were equal, must not all contest?
 If then to all men Happiness was meant,
 God in Externals could not place Content.

FORTUNE her gifts may variously dispose, 65
 And these be call'd unhappy, happy those;
 But Heav'n's just balance equal will appear,
 While those are pleas'd in Hope, and these in Fear:
 Not

Not present Good or Ill, the joy or curse,
But future views of Better, or of Worse.

70

OH Sons of Earth ! attempt ye still to rise
By mountains pil'd on Mountains, to the Skies ?
Heav'n still with laughter the vain toil surveys,
And buries Madmen in the Heaps they raise.

KNOW, all the Good that Individuals find, 75
Or God and Nature meant to meer mankind,
Reason's whole pleasures, all the joys of Sense,
Lie in three words, *Health, Peace, and Competence.*
But Health consists with Temperance alone,
And Peace, fair Virtue ! Peace is all thy own ; 80
The gifts of Fortune good or bad may gain ;
But these less taste them, as they worse obtain.
Say, in-pursuit of Profit or Delight,
Who risque the most, that take wrong means, or right ?
Of Vice or Virtue, whether blest or curst, 85
Which meets Contempt, or which Compassion first ?
Count all th' advantage prosp'rous Vice attains,
'Tis but what Virtue flies from and disdains ;
And grant the bad what happiness they wou'd,
One they must want, which is to pass for good. 90

OH blind to Truth, and God's whole Scheme be-
Who fancy Bliss to Vice, to Virtue Woe : [low?
Who sees and follows that great Scheme the best,
Best knows his blessing, and will most be blest.

But

But Fools the *Good* alone unhappy call,
 For Ills or Accidents that chance to *All*,
 See FALKLAND falls, the virtuous and the just!
 See godlike TURENN. prostrate on the dust!
 See SIDNEY bleeds amid the martial strife!
 Was this their *Virtue*, or Contempt of life? 100
 Say was it *Virtue*, more tho' Heav'n ne'er gave,
 Lamented DIGBY! sunk thee to the Grave?
 Tell me, if *Virtue* made the Son expire,
 Why, full of Days and Honour, lives the Sire?
 Why drew *Marseilles* good Bishop purer breath, 105
 When Nature sicken'd, and each gale was death?
 Or why so long (in Life if long can be)
 Lent Heav'n a *Parent* to the Poor and Me?

WHAT makes all *Physical* or *Moral* Ill?
 There deviates Nature, and here wanders Will. 110
 God sends not Ill, 'tis Nature lets it fall
 Or Chance escape, and Man improves it all.
 We just as wisely might of Heav'n complain,
 That righteous Abel was destroy'd by Cain,
 As that the virtuous Son is ill at ease, 115
 When his lewd Father gave the dire disease.
 Think we like some weak Prince th' *Eternal Cause*,
 Prone for his Fav'rites to reverse his Laws?

SHALL burning *Ætna*, if a Sage requires,
 Forget to thunder, and recall her fires? 120
 On Air or Sea new motions be impress.
 O blameless Bethel! to relieve thy breast?

When

When the loose Mountain trembles from on high,
 Shall Gravitation cease, if you go by?
 Or some old Temple nodding to its fall, 125
 For Chartres head reserve the hanging Wall?

But still this World (so fitted for the Knave)
 Contents us not. A better shall we have?
 A Kingdom of the Just then let it be:
 But first consider how those Just agree? 130
 The Good must merit God's peculiar care;
 But who but God can tell us, who they are?
 One thinks on Calvin Heav'n's own spirit fell,
 Another deems him Instrument of Hell;
 If Calvin feel Heaven's Blessing, or its Rod, 135
 This cries there is, and that, there is no God.
 What shocks one part will edify the rest,
 Nor with one System can they all be blest.
 Give each a System, all must be at strife;
 What diff'rent Systems for a man and wife? 140
 The very best will variously incline,
 And what rewards your Virtue, punish mine.
 "Whatever is, is Right." — This world, 'tis true,
 Was made for Cæsar — but for Titus too:
 And which more *blest*? who chain'd his Country, say,
 Or he, whose Virtue sigh'd to loose a day? 145

"But sometimes Virtue starves while Vice is fed."
 What then? is the reward of Virtue, Bread?
 That, Vice may merit; 'tis the price of Toil:
 The Knave deserves it when he tills the Soil, 150
 Where

The Knave deserves it when he tempts the Main,
Where Madneſs fights, for Tyrants, or for Gain.

The good man may be weak, be indolent,
Nor is his claim to Plenty, but Content.

But grant him Riches, your demand is o'er ? 155

“ No — ſhall the good want health, the good want
Pow'r ?

Add health and pow'r, and ev'ry earthly thing :

“ Why bounded pow'r ? why private ? why no King ?

Nay, why external for internal giv'n,

Why is not Man a God, and Earth a Heav'n ? 160

Who ask and reaſon thus, will ſcarce conceive

God gives enough while he has more to give :

Immense the Pow'er, immense were the demand ;

Say, at what part of Nature will they ſtand ?

WHAT nothing earthly gives, or can deſtroy, 165

The Soul's calm ſun-ſhine, and the heart-felt joy,

Is Virtue's Prize : A better would you fix,

And give Humility a Coach and fix ?

Juſtice a Conqu'ror's ſword, or Truth a Gown,

Or Publick Spirit, its great cure, a Crown ? 170

Rewards that either would to Virtue bring

No joy, or be deſtructive of the thing.

How oft by theſe at fixty are undone

The Virtues of a Saint at twenty-one !

FOR *Riches*, can they give but to the Juſt, 175

His own Contentment, or another's Truſt ?

Judges and Senates have been bought for gold,

Esteem and Love were never to be ſold.

O Fool! to think, God hates the worthy Mind,
 The Lover, and the Love, of Human kind, 180
 Whose Life is healthful, and whose Conscience clear:
 Because he wants a thousand pounds a year!

Honour and *Shame* from no Condition rise;
 Act well your part, there all the Honour lies:
 Fortune in men has some small diff'rence made, 185
 One flaunts in Rags, one flutters in Brocade,
 The Cobler apron'd, and the Parson gown'd,
 The Fryar hooded, and the Monarch crown'd.
 "What differ more (you cry) than Crown and Cowl?"
 I'll tell you, friend; a Wise man and a Fool. 190
 You'll find, if once the Monarch acts the Monk,
 Or Cobler-like, the Parson will be drunk,
 Worth makes the Man, and want of it the Fellow;
 The rest, is all but Leather or Prunella.

Struck o'er with *Titles*, and hung round with String;
 That thou may'st be, by Kings, or Whores of Kings.
 Thy boasted Blood, a thousand years or so,
 May from Lucretia to Lucretia flow;
 But by your Father's worth if yours you rate,
 Count me those only who were good and great. 205
 Go! if your ancient but ignoble blood
 Has crept thro' Scoundrels ever since the Flood,
 Go! and pretend your Family is young;
 Not own your Fathers have been fools so long. 210
 What can ennoble Sets, or Slaves, or Cowards?
 Alas! not all the blood of all the HOWARDS.

Look next on *Greatness*, say where *Greatness* lies
 "Where, but among the Heroes, and the Wise?"

Heroes are much the same, the points agreed, 215

From Macedonia's Madmen to the Suede ;

The whole strange purpose of their lives, to find
 Or make an Enemy of all Mankind :

Not one looks backward, onward still he goes,

Yet ne'er looks forward, further than his nose. 220

No less alike the Politick and wise,

All fly slow things, with circumspective eyes ;

Men in their loose, unguarded hours they take,

Nor that themselves are wise, but others weak.

But grant that those can *conquer*, these can *cheat*, 225

'Tis phrase absurd to call a Villain *great*.

Who wickedly is wise, or madly brave,

Is but *the more* a fool, *the more* a knave.

Who noble ends by noble means obtains,

Or failing, smiles in Exile or in Chains. 230

Like good Aurelius let him reign, or bleed

Like Socrates, that Man is great indeed.

WHAT'S *Fame* ? that fancy'd Life in others breath !

A thing beyond us ev'n before our death.

Just what you *hear* you have, and what's unknown 235

The same (my Lord) if Tully's, or your own.

All that we feel of it begins and ends

In the small circle of our foes or friends ;

To all beside, as much an empty Shade

An Eugene living, or a Cæsar dead,

240

Alike,

Alike, or when or where, they shone or shine,
 Or on the Rubicon, or on the Rhine.
 A Wit's a *Feather*, and a Chief a *Rod* ;
 An honest man's the noblest Work of God :
 Fame but from death a Villain's name can save, 245
 As Justice tears his body from the grave :
 When what t' Oblivion better were resign'd.
 Is hung on high, to poison half mankind.
 All Fame is foreign, but of true Desert,
 Plays round the head, but comes not to the heart. 250
 One self-approving Hour whole years out-weighs
 Of stupid Starers, and of loud huzza's ;
 And more true joy Marcellus exil'd feels
 Than Cæsar with a Senate at his heels.

IN *Parts* superior what advantage lies ! 255
 Tell (for *You* can) what is it to be wise ?
 'Tis but to know, how little can be known,
 To see all others faults, and feel our own ;
 Condemn'd in Business or in Arts to drudge
 Without a Second, or without a Judge : 260
 Truths would you teach, or save a sinking Land ?
 All fear, none aid you, and few understand.
 Painful Preheminence ! yourself to view
 Above Life's Weakness, and its Comforts too.

BRING then these Blessings to a strict account, 265
 Make fair deductions, see to what they mount ?
 How much of other each is sure to cost ?
 How each for other oft is wholly lost ?

How

How inconsistent greater Goods with these ?
 How sometimes Life is risqu'd, and always Ease ? 270
 Think, and if still the *Things* thy envy call,
 Say, would'st thou be the *Man* to whom they fall ?
 To sigh for Ribbands if thou art so silly,
 Mark how they grace Lord Umbra, or Sir Billy.
 Is yellow Dirt the passion of thy life ? 275
 Look but on Gripus, or on Gripus' wife.
 If Parts allure thee, think how Bacon shin'd,
 The wisest, brightest, meanest of Mankind :
 Or ravish'd with the whistling of a Name,
 See Cromwell, damn'd to everlasting Fame ! 280
 If all, united, thy ambition call,
 From ancient Story learn to scorn them all.
 There, in the rich, the honour'd, fam'd, and great,
 See the false Scale of Happiness compleat !
 In hearts of Kings or arms of Queens who lay, 285
 (How happy !) those to ruin, these betray,
 Mark by what wretched steps their Glory grows,
 From dirt and sea-weed as proud Venice rose ;
 In each, how Guilt and Greatness equal ran,
 And all that rais'd the Hero sunk the Man. 290
 Now Europe's Lawrels on their brows behold,
 But stain'd with Blood, or ill exchange'd for Gold :
 Then see them broke with Toils, or lost in Ease,
 Or infamous for plunder'd Provinces.
 Oh Wealth ill-fated ! which no Act of fame 295
 E'er raught to shine, or sanctify'd from shame !
 What greater bliss attends their close of life ?
 Some greedy Minion or imperious Wife,

The trophy'd Arches, story'd Halls invade,
 And haunt their slumbers in the pompous Shade.
 Alas ! not dazled with their Noontide ray, 300
 Compute the Morn and Evening to the Day :
 The whole amount of that enormous Fame
 A Tale ! that blends their Glory with their Shame !

Know then this Truth (enough for man to know)
 VIRTUE alone is happiness below : 305
 The only point where human bliss stands still,
 And tastes the good without the fall to ill ;
 Where only, Merit constant pay receives,
 Is bless'd in what it takes, and what it gives :
 The joy unequal'd, if its end it gain, 310
 And if it lose, attended with no pain :
 Without satiety, tho' e'er so bless'd,
 And but more relish'd as the more distress'd :
 The broadest mirth unfeeling Folly wears,
 Less pleasing far than Vittue's very Tears. 315
 Good, from each object, from each place acquir'd,
 For ever exercis'd, yet never tir'd ;
 Never elated, while one man's oppress'd,
 Never dejected, while another's bless'd ;
 And where no wants, no wishes can remain, 320
 Since but to wish more Virtue is to gain.

SEE ! the sole Bliss Heav'n could on *all* bestow,
 Which who but feels, can taste, but thinks, can know
 Yet, poor with Fortune and with Learning blind,
 The Bad must miss, the Good untaught will find, 325
 Slave

Slave to no Sect, who takes no private road,
 But looks thro' *Nature* up to *Nature's* GOD,
 Pursues that *Chain* which links th' immense Design,
 Joyns Heav'n, and Earth, and mortal, and divine ;
 Sees, that no Being any Bliss can know 339
 But touches some above and some below ;
 Learns, from this Union of the rising *Whole*,
 The first, last Purpose of the human Soul ;
 And knows, where Faith, Law, Morals all began,
 And end, in LOVE of GOD, and LOVE of MAN, 335

For him alone, *Hope* leads from gole to gole,
 And opens still, and opens, on his soul,
 Till lengthen'd on to *Faith*, and unconfin'd,
 It pours the bliss that fills up all the mind.
 He sees, why Nature plants in Man alone 340
 Hope of known bliss, and Faith in bliss unknown ?
 (Nature, whose dictates to no other Kind
 Are giv'n in vain, but what they seek they find)
 Wise is the Present : she connects in this
 His greatest *Virtue* with his greatest *Bliss*, 345
 At once his own bright Prospect to be blest,
 And strongest Motive to assist the rest.

Self Love thus push'd to Social, to Divine,
 Gives thee to make thy Neighbour's blessing thine :
 Is this too little for the boundless heart ? 350
 Extend it, let thy Enemies have part :
 Grasp the whole Worlds, of Reason, Life, and Sense,
 In one close System of Benevolence.

Happier,

E P I S T L E S.

63

Happier, as kinder ! in whate'er degree,
And height of *Bliss* but height of CHARITY. 355

God loves from Whole to Parts : but human Soul
Must rise from Individual to the Whole.
Self-love but serves the virtuous mind to wake,
As the small pebble stirs the peaceful Lake,
The Centre mov'd, a Circle strait succeeds, 360
Another still and still another spreads ;
Friend, Parent, Neighbour, first it will embrace,
His Country next, and next all Human-race,
Wide, and more wide, th' O'erflowings of the mind
Take ev'ry Creature in, of ev'ry kind ; 365
Earth smiles around, with boundless bounty blest,
And Heav'n beholds its Image in his Breast.

COME then, my Friend ! my Genius come along,
Oh Master of the Poet, and the Song !
And while the Muse now stoops, or now ascends, 370
To Man's low Passions, or their glorious Ends,
Teach me like thee, in various Nature wise,
To fall with Dignity, with Temper rise ;
Form'd by thy Converse, happily to steer
From grave to gay, from lively to severe, 375
Correct with spirit, eloquent with ease,
Intent to reason, or polite to please.
O ! while along the stream of Time, thy Name
Expanded flies, and gathers all its fame,
Say, shall my little Bark attendant sail, 380
Pursue the Triumph, and partake the Gale ?

And

When Statesmen, Heroes, Kings, in dust repose;
 Whose Sons shall blush their Fathers were thy Foes,
 Shall then this Verse to future age pretend
 Thou wert my Guide, Philosopher, and Friend? 385
 That urg'd by thee, I turn'd the tuneful Art
 From Sounds to Things, from Fancy to the Heart;
 For Wit's false Mirror help up Nature's Light;
 Shew'd erring Pride, *Whatever Is, is Right*;
 That Reason, Passion, answer one great Aim; 303
 That true Self-love and Social are the same;
 That Virtue only makes our Bliss below;
 And all our Knowledge is, *Ourselves to know.*

F I N I S.

